



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

Work and Smile.

Are you up against hard luck?
That's the time to show your pluck.
Smile and sing a bit, and then
Grab a hold and try again.
Spit upon your hands and say:
"One more trial, anyway!"

Work and smile
All the while,
And you'll win the race some day.

Have your friends grown cold and few?

That's when it is up to you.
Smile at fate and take a brace;
Laugh in hard luck's evil face.
Grab a hold and hold on tight;
Keep your nerve and make a fight.

Work and smile
All the while,
And you'll find things coming right.

Is your load of trouble great?
That's the time to laugh at fate.
Snap your fingers in her face
And strike up a faster pace.
Get your gait, and keep your stride;
Keep straight on whatever betide.

Work and smile
All the while,
And your woes will turn aside.

Don't give up! Try, try again.
Spit upon your hands and then
Grab a hold and hold on fast,
And you'll win your way at last.
Keep your nerve and pluck along;
With the club of right smite wrong.

Work and smile
All the while,
And you'll land where you belong.

One More Anyhow.

DeBore—Say, old man, have you heard my last story?"

DeTired—"No, not yet. Go ahead with it."

Got Off.

Plastique—"Johnson got off a good thing yesterday."

Caustique—"Well, if he did it was because he was thrown off."

The Fact.

"I understand that Neurich took you out riding in his new auto yesterday."

"No, Neurich invited me to go riding in his new auto, but the fact is that we went walking."

A Chance.

"I see that the humorous writers for the daily press will meet in St. Louis some time during the coming summer."

"Is that so? What a great fund of good things Chauncey Depew will have to draw from for his winter round of after-dinner speeches."

Historical.

Richard III. strode down the stage and took full advantage of the lime light.

"A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" he shrieked.

Then he sniffed the air and a smile broke over his gloomy face.

"Ah, I smell gasoline," he exclaimed. "An automobile will do just as well under the circumstances."

Then the drama proceeded.

Sanguine.

After listening to the senator's touching talk about the duties of citi-

zenship we felt impelled to ask a question.

"Is there any money in politics, senator?"

"Well," said Senator Graball, "I am not prepared to be interviewed on this particular occasion, but I might say, however, that I am about ready to announce my willingness to accept another term."

Shermanized.

After the din of the battle's roar-

vitch,
Just at the close of dayski,
Wounded and bleeding upon the

fieldovitch
Two tired soldiers layski.
One thought of good job at home in

townovitch,
One of the good old farmski;
Then they got up and looked 'round-

vitch
And fled away from harmski.

Brain Leaks.

Purchased applause has a hollow

sound.
Politics sometimes makes strange

celi-mates.
All play and no work makes Jack

a bad boy.
A heart full of hope makes a face

full of light.
When we give up all God begins to

give us everything.
It takes something more than giving

to clean dirty hands.
Some Christians insist upon padding

their shoulders before taking up the cross.
Some people look upon arbitration

as being the thing to ask for after they are whipped.
When we get our Sunday school or-

ganized the infant class will be made up of the parents.
The man who skips the primaries

has no moral right to criticize the men who use it for base purposes.
The man who advocates higher sal-

aries to cure graft should also advocate leaving the safe unlocked to prevent safe-blowing.
Somehow or other the man who

never reads the newspapers always references to see any uncomplimentary reference to himself.
Our idea of solitude is either the

store of a man who does not believe in advertising or the spacious chambers in the peace tribunal at The Hague.
Women who have the least mercy

upon their erring sisters usually weep most copiously when they follow the history of Lady Isabelle in "East Lynne."
A man never knows how hard his

wife works until he tries to clean up the house preparatory to his wife's return from a two weeks' visit with her mother.

Nebraska Editors.

The Democratic Editorial association of Nebraska met at Lincoln, March 7.

The following report of the meeting is taken from the Omaha World-Herald:

The meeting was called to order by Acting President Ludi at 2 o'clock. During his remarks he mentioned the name of Mr. Metcalfe for delegate, and the suggestion was received with cheers. C. D. Casper of the David City Press read a paper on "Democracy of Nebraska." In this he made several

thrusters at Douglas county. In closing he declared for the Kansas City platform and W. J. Bryan.

Edgar Howard of Columbus read a paper on "Does the Commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,' Apply to Nebraska?" Will M. Maupin read an original poem, "The Call." This was vigorously applauded, and next came the paper of R. L. Metcalfe on "Should the Democratic Party Put a Premium on Disloyalty?"

Ward Morse, R. A. Bates and W. J. Bryan were not able to be present. For the latter Mr. Maupin made a neat apology. H. W. Risley of the Grand Island Democrat read a paper on "The Presidency of the United States." Cliff Frank of the York Teller had for his topic, "Nebraska Redeemed."

The editors voted that resolutions of respect and condolence be drawn in the memory of G. A. Luikart and General Victor Vifquain.

Edgar Howard introduced the following resolution:

"In Richard L. Metcalfe, editor of the Omaha World-Herald, the democratic writers of Nebraska recognize a princely personality, a champion of pure democratic principles. Party honor bestowed upon such a man must serve the party welfare. As individuals and in our associate capacity we offer to the state convention the name of Mr. Metcalfe, with the recommendation and request that he be selected as delegate-at-large in the national democratic convention."

This was received with vigorous applause, and Mr. Metcalfe feelingly thanked the editors for the token of their esteem.

H. W. Risley introduced the following resolution, indorsing Mr. Bryan:

"The Democratic Editorial association takes advantage of this opportunity at the outset of a national campaign to reassert its faith in the principles Hon. W. J. Bryan has espoused since his advent in public life and to express our confidence in his leadership and fidelity to democracy."

Dr. P. L. Hall invited the editors to a reception to be given at the Lindell hotel in the evening. During the evening the democrats of Lincoln met the editors and their wives.

The editors voted to attend the St. Louis exposition May 16.

The following officers were chosen: C. D. Casper, David City Press, president; H. W. Risley, Grand Island Democrat, vice president; J. W. Barnhart, Auburn Herald, secretary-treasurer. Will M. Maupin and C. J. Bowlby of the Crete Democrat will compose the executive committee with the above named officers.

The following attended: N. J. Ludi, Wahoo Democrat; R. L. Metcalfe, Omaha World-Herald; J. W. Barnhart, Auburn Herald; Edgar Howard, Columbus Telegram; J. M. Tanner, So. Omaha Democrat; C. D. Casper, David City Press; R. O. Adams, Grand Island Democrat; D. T. Corcoran, York Democrat; Cliff Frank, York Teller; F. J. Pratt, Humphrey Herald; Waldo Wintersteen, Fremont Herald; F. M. Brown, Sutton Register; Will M. Maupin, The Commoner, Lincoln; John B. Donovan, Madison Star-Mail; J. Herman Johannes, Columbus Bienne, and H. W. Risley, Grand Island Democrat.

Champ Clark for President.

What's the matter with "Champ" Clark of Missouri as a presidential candidate on the democratic ticket?

The democracy needs a strong man and Mr. Clark has demonstrated that he has muscle. It also needs a harmonizer and that is Mr. Clark's role to a dot.

Two of the other representatives in Washington of Missouri became involved in an altercation in the cloak room. The quarrel rapidly grew in intensity and warmth. Soon the eminent statesmen were patting them-

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure

Costs Nothing if it Fails

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer. For years I searched everywhere to find a specific for Rheumatism. For nearly 20 years I worked to this end. At last, in Germany, my search was rewarded. I found a costly chemical that did not disappoint me as other Rheumatic prescriptions had disappointed physicians everywhere.

I do not mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again. That is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of Rheumatism. I know this so well that I will furnish for a full month my Rheumatic Cure on trial. I cannot cure all cases within a month. It would be unreasonable to expect that. But most cases will yield within 30 days. This trial treatment will convince you that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure is a power against Rheumatism—a potent force against disease that is irresistible.

My offer is made to convince you of my faith. My faith is but the outcome of experience—of actual knowledge. I know what it can do. And I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism. I will then arrange with a druggist in your vicinity so that you can secure six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure to make the test. You may take it a full month on trial. If it succeeds the cost to you is \$5.50. If it fails the loss is mine and mine alone. It will be left entirely to you. I mean that exactly. I don't expect a penny from you.

Write me and I will send you the book. Try my remedy for a month. If it fails the loss is mine.

Address Dr. Shoop, Box 9515 Racine, Wis.

Mild cases not chronic are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

selves in battle array. At this juncture Champ Clark intervened. His good offices were scornfully rejected, but as a first-class power with a full head of steam on this did not cause Mr. Clark to pause in his determination to prevent a fight. Nor did he hazard what usually happens to the peacemaker who gets between. He simply got one of the belligerents under his arm and carried him bodily out of the danger zone.

Mr. Clark is entitled to recognition by the party for his services as a pacificator and a harmonizer. But wouldn't it be interesting to see him carry Grover Cleveland off the stage in the event of a meeting with Bryan! —Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.

Killed the Bird.

A west Michigan congressman sent grass seed to one of his constituents, who fed it to the pet canary with the following dire results:

"Dear Mr. Glad-Hand: I want to thank you very much for the seed you have been sending me. Please do not send any more, as our canary died ten days ago. The bird did not seem to thrive on the seed you have been sending."—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.

Are We Honest?

I believe you are, and I am willing to let you judge me. I honestly believe I have a book worth a dollar to you, and I believe you will think so after you see the book. The book is one I published myself, and it is made up of the poems and sketches that have appeared in the "Whether Common or Not" department of The Commoner, and in other publications. I wrote them all myself. The book is cloth bound, gold side and back stamps, foreword by Mr. W. J. Bryan, and has 277 pages. The price is One Dollar.

A FAIR PROPOSITION.

If you say so I'll send you the book on suspicion. If you think it is worth a dollar, send me the money. If you do not think so send the book back in good condition—natural wear and tear expected—and we'll call it square. I make this offer for two reasons—one is I think the book is worth the dollar, and secondly, I think you will think so and send me the money.

AN OPEN CONFESSION.

Perhaps you would like to know why I am so anxious to sell my book. I'll tell you—I need the money. Now drop me a card and say you'd like to receive my book on suspicion. I'll take it for granted you are willing to pay for it if you like it and think it worth the money, and I'll send it to you by the next mail.

WILL M. MAUPIN,

2022 South 17th St., Lincoln, Neb.